WATTEN Towns-end; *Or*,

A Nosegay of Pleasure,

Which grew in the Garden of VENUS.

Tune is, *Watten* Towns end; *Or*, Lame *Leg* next the Wall.

AS I came up by Arpendeen
and straight to Watten Town,
And there I met a pritty wench,
that took a like Lay me down;
At *Watten* Towns end, at *Watten* Towns end
At every Doof there stands a Whore,
at *Watten* Towns end.

The Frigat's Name was Thunder-Bolt,
[illegible]

Her Tackles was of Silver twist,
her Colour like the Silk.
At *Watten* Towns end, *&c.*

Her Planks were all of Ivory,
her Bottom beaten-Gold:
Her Deck was Alablaster pure,
she looked brisk and bold.
At *Watten* Towns end, at *Watten* towns end,
At every Door, there stands a Whore,
at *Watten* Towns end.

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HEr head was guilded o're and o're,
her Flanten Flag did flye:
And I was mad to be on Board,
so much a Fool was I.
At *Watten* towns end, at *Watten* towns end,
At every Door, there ſtands a Whore,
at *Watten* towns end.

She ſeem'd a ſtately Pleaſure-Boat,
with tempting good attire:
But little knew that (under Deck)
her Gun-Room was in Fire.
At *Watten* towns end.

I lodg'd with her, I laid her down,
I ſlept with her all night:
I ſupp'd upon a Coney-Fatt,
whoſe Gravey was delight.
At *Watten* towns end, *&c.*

She gave to me a Syrrup ſweet,
was in her Placket-Box;
But e're three Minutes went about,
it moved the *French-POX*.
At *Watten* towns end, *&c.*

This Fire-Ship ſhe did blow me up,
as my Effigies ſhows,
And all may read upon my Face
The loſs of *Teeth* and Noſe,
At *Watten* towns end, *&c.*

Now as I walk along the ſtreets,
they gaze upon my face,
And every one that looks at me,
ſalutes me with diſgrace.
At *Watten* towns end, *&c.*

By me beware then Gentlemen,
From King to Country Clown,
And when you ſee a pretty Wench,
Remember Lay me down.
At *Watten* towns end, at *Watten* towns end,
At every door, there ſtands a Whore,
at *Watten* towns end.

FINIS.

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